Mondo Medicale

Impaled

Grinding forth from the halls of education
Replete with the stench of dessication
Four pre-meds suffer condemnation
Tomes were perused, tombs were abused
All medico-legal limitations refused
With inhuman dexterity and intelligence, infusedMaster thespians in the operating theatre
Likewise endowed in a gorenography feature
Deranged we may be after a blood bath
But all that rots can't be studied intactSifting through reams of anatomical charts
Bisecting livers and dissecting hearts
Arcane knowledge for doctoral upstarts
Rooting through a chum ridden morass
Cells scrutinized on iodized glass
We've mapped the structure of a carcass(solo: "Destroying Galen" by J. Kocol)
(solo: "De Fabrica Humani Corpus" by S.C. McGrath)Up to our elbows in grue and claret
We proffer quite a sanguine display
As we rule this mondo medicale
With scalpels and blades prepared on the tray
Integument cut and dermis to flay
You will rue this mondo medicaleBypassing moral balances and checks
Summistes on high, rewriting texts
Our Ã¦sculapian methods leave them all vexed
Surgical aspirations, all dignified
Post-modern Versali, repersonified
But for our successes, we're villifiedA trocar employed for psycho-surgery
In this bedlam of hospitality
Though flesh and blood are dead inside
The gross anatomy can still be applied
To raise the stakes of medicine's breadth
These choice cuts ours, until death
Our work is to die for so don't be a knave
Choke on it and go back to the grave

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